Be it thy course, to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action* hence borne out,
May waste the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
How I came by the crown, O God, forgive[2]1
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

K. HEN. My gracious liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me ;
Then plain, and right, must my possession be :
Which I with more than with a common pain,
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter Prince JOHN of LANCASTER, WARWICK^ Lords, and Others.

K. HEN. Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.

P. JOHN. Health, peace, and happiness, to my royal father!

K. HEN. Thou bring'st me happiness, and peace, son John;
But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare, wither'd trunk: upon thy sight,
My worldly business makes a period.
Where is my lord of Warwick ?

P. HEN. My lord of Warwick!

K. HEN. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon ?

WAR. 'Tis caird Jerusalem, my noble lord.

K. HEN. Laud be to God!—even there my life must end[3].

[1] How I came, &c*] This is a true picture of a mind divided between heaven and earth. He prays for the prosperity of guilt while he deprecates its punishment. JOHNSON.

[2] Laud be to God!—even there my life must end.] "At

length he recovered his speech, and understanding and perceiving himselfe in a strange place, which he knew not, he willed to know if the chamber had anie particular name, whereunto